

FEELING SNAKEY

FIRST PERSON STORY

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“Get out of there, you!”

I was many things, but something I certainly was *not*, was a *gardener*. I hadn't exactly been raised on the hobby. My mom had enjoyed doing it when I was a kid, but it was my sister that she had shown an interest in teaching it. Being the younger brother, I wasn't necessarily taught all of the 'girlier' things, and as a kid? That had been perfectly fine by me. There were things my sister had been taught that I had needed to learn myself as an adult, mind you. But gardening hadn't been one, not even as I'd ascended into adulthood.

And yet, there I was, my hands covered in unearthed soil and a number of small cuts from my efforts *within* a garden. It wasn't my *own* garden, mind you. I really didn't care about gardening whatsoever, but I *did* care about my grandparents – to whom which the garden *did* belong. Because of their old age, they had become incapable of taking care of their own garden in the backyard of the house. Things had become so bad that they were getting close to moving into a retirement home, and because they wanted to sell their home, they had wanted everything cleaned up.

The rest of my family was helping with the task, but for some reason? I had been assigned the gardens despite my lack of familiarity with them. '*Just pull out the weeds! Even out the soil! Just make sure you don't pull any flowers!*'; those were the instructions I had been given. But how was I supposed to know what the difference between a weed and a flower was? I'd been spending a lot of time on my phone Googling the differences to make my best attempt.

But my biggest issue had been the incessant pestering of a new *friend*. Well, I'd say 'friend', but it was just a wild animal. A pure white snake with beady, red eyes. I wasn't sure about how common of a color combination that was, but I didn't really care. It kept slithering into my path and getting near my hands as I pulled up the weeds. "**Are snakes usually *this* friendly?**" Because it was a wild animal, I was realistically concerned that it was trying to *bite* me.

And while it didn't actually amount to *that*? It did rub up against my hand at one point.

But that was when things went *weird*.

"**Uh. So, this *isn't* a garden.**" I felt like I was pointing out the obvious, considering my grandparents lived out in the countryside and I was now suddenly crouched in a suburban alleyway. It had happened in an *instant*, and the only thing that was similar about the view I had now was the *snake* slithering nearby, but it dashed behind a nearby dumpster as I tried to grapple with the impossible. Because nothing about what had just happened *was* possible, right?

It took me a moment to recompose myself, standing up and then looking around slowly as I attempted to process those peculiar circumstances. I couldn't even assume that touching the snake had led to it, because how could touching a snake *teleport you!*? Well, assuming that was what had happened, and I didn't really have any reason to doubt it. I couldn't handwave it all as a 'dream', especially when it all felt so real.

As much as I probably would have *liked* to, at least.

Before anything else, I needed to figure out *where* I was. I was in a city, but that was the only clue I had to go off of. So? I began to head for the alley exit. Only to *trip* over my own two feet all of a sudden. "...**Eh?**" And then I fell *forward*. I didn't exactly make a habit of falling; I was usually more careful than that. At *worst* I might trip up a step or something if I wasn't careful. And yet, as I fell forward? For some reason it almost felt like everything was moving in slow motion.

Considering I *was* falling, I didn't have the free range of movement to check the reason behind it, but it almost felt like I was growing *lighter*? Of course, in the back of my mind I couldn't have imagined why I actually felt that way, much less that it could have been actually possible. And yet, as I flew forward through the air? All of the excess weight of my body thinned away, removing my bulging gut, flabby limbs, and chubby face. By the time I finally hit the ground with an

“**Oof!**”, my pants and underwear had fallen to my ankles, and I’d landed with my shirt reaching past my crotch.

I’d also landed with far less of a *thud* than I had been expecting, simply groaning as I managed to land on my side. I’d clenched my eyes shut from the shock of the landing, but when I opened them? Well, I couldn’t have noticed that my irises had been stained with a dark red or that my pupils had been pulled into slits. Instead, those eyes were looking down at my body as I laid on my side. “**W-Wait a second! Why are my clothes so...? WHERE DID IT ALL GO!?**”

This was all certainly something worth worrying about, but that outcry felt almost a little too *cartoonish* to be me. It was communicated shrilly as well, but that concern wasn’t as immense as the concern towards my body. It probably wasn’t *healthy* to shed so much wait in *seconds*, right? Was I dying? That was probably a surefire sign of impending *death*, right? ...None of these thoughts were realistic and were immaturely unrealistic. Which... wasn’t quite my style. Or it *hadn’t* been, at least.

I was still gawking at my *lack* of a belly when I noticed that my pants were being pulled closer to my torso. “**Eh? Eh?**” My voice rose even higher while I chirped with confusion. I wasn’t lifting my knees or anything. It was more like my feet were just being dragged across the floor on their own? But they weren’t. It took me a moment to put two and two together because it was less noticeable, but the rest of my body was soon pulled closer to my head as well, almost like...

“**Am I getting shorter!?**” Because I wasn’t *entirely* sure about what was going on, I didn’t make much of an effort to pull myself up just yet. I wanted to make sure it *stopped* first, and before long, well... I must have been a *lot* shorter, right? Most of my thighs had been pulled up into my shirt, while smaller feet had pulled out of my socks. It only took me a quick glance to note that my hands had fared similarly, shrunken down until they were thin and dainty, but with nails that were... longer?

“**Is it possible I’m becoming an— Ugh!?! –girl!?!**” The *moment* my height had regressed to a mere 5’1” (where it ended up stopping), there was a feeling that I could best liken to being kicked in the nuts. The glaring issue with this comparison was that I was pretty sure that it had actually been the act of *removing* those nuts that had caused that feeling, and that I was now by all intents and purposes a *woman*. “**W-Wait! I really am!?! Or... was I always!?!**” Was I?

That didn’t *sound* right, but if I was a man, I wouldn’t have had such a pretty face, right? A pretty face with big, round eyes, a small nose, and lush and kissable lips! As those descriptors crossed my mind, they all became a reality *upon* my face, turning me into a pretty little thing

before going well beyond my descriptors as piercing holes found their way into my ears, and my canine teeth sharpened into *fangs*.

“Uh... I should probably get up now, right?” It was getting harder and harder to remember how I had ended up on the ground in that alley in the first place, and so I finally pushed myself up onto my own two feet while being careful about my shirt not showing off my crotch and ass in the meantime. As I kicked off the pants around my ankles and smoothed the shirt down, idly uncertain of why I was wearing it in the first place but not too pressed on it in the moment, my short hair almost came to life as if possessed by a hundreds of thin and tiny snakes.

They wriggled about, slithering longer as their lengths lightened to a yellow blonde in the process. It all fell past my shoulders and to the center of my back, while bangs framed down to my chin on the sides of my face, while others crossed over my nose. One messy strand wriggled up on top of my head. An ahoge? Wasn't that called idiot hair or something? I totally wasn't an idiot though! I knew all sorts of things!

Maybe that was true, maybe it wasn't! But my transformation continued on, nonetheless. I had gone back to looking around. Something was missing, right? A pet...? But that just meant I wasn't paying much attention to my figure as it burgeoned with a woman's weight now that I had nothing between my legs! A *not* unimpressive amount found itself pooing beneath my waist, and before long? My thighs had doubled in girth, touching each other between my legs for a brief moment before my hips were forced wide by an ass that bubbled into a full and bouncy heart shape in the rear.

“Hm...?” While above a waist that had followed a trend opposite to my hips, and instead pinched in on a gentle curve, weight amassed upon my chest. Fat saw skin stretch around a pair of soft mounds at first, but hills and then mountains lifted the interior of my shirt, with sensitive nipples rubbing almost distractingly against the fabric until my new *F-cups* were fully formed. **“Could I get a change of clothes?”** It was a thought I'd only wondered idly because of the sensitivity of my new bosom.

But also, because my shirt had been lifted behind me to show off my bare ass! I didn't want just *anyone* seeing that, even though it was technically my tail's fault! Wait... My tail!? I must have missed it, because by the time I looked over my shoulder, a long, white-scaled tail was already waving back and forth with the back of the shirt sitting overtop of it. I ended up looking away and shaking my head. I've always had a tail! Why would it be shocking now? Well, aside from the stupid N.E.P.S. branding they put on it!

My wish had actually been granted and I hadn't even noticed. I was no longer dressed *only* in an oversized shirt, and had been given new attire that was certainly... unique! It consisted largely of a top that was half blue leotard and half button-up, pink shirt. N.E.P.S. was embroidered over the left breast, and while it was sleeveless? I did wear detached, puffy white sleeves with black ribbon around the cuffs! I also had translucent black thigh highs held on by garter belts, and fashionable black boots! Not to mention the black ribbon that tied some of my hair into a side ponytail! Oh, and the short, black, frilled skirt that barely wrapped around my hips, leaving most of them exposed.

So, what if it was a *little* revealing? I looked super cool! Plus, I had cool pierces and hair clips!

“...Eh? What was I doing again?” With a light tilt of my head, my side ponytail swung back and forth behind me. I felt kind of... *groggy*? Like I'd just woken up from a long nap or something? I couldn't get my memories straight! But how plausible was it for me, *Cissia*, to have just slept in an alley of New Eridu City? I scratched at my own cheek guiltily. **“Did I fall asleep in the alley again?”** *Again*? Well, since I didn't really have a proper place *to* live... Yeah! I'd slept on the street more than once! I was a real professional!



My lips turned up into a smug smile as my snake tail whipped about. A loud rumbling in my tummy quickly wiped that smirk off of my face, though. **“So hungryyyyyy!”** Did I sound whiny? Yes. Did I care? Nope! If a girl was hungry, then she was going to let everyone know it! Not... that I had an audience, but that didn't really matter! **“Oh! Chalky!”** I didn't need to look down to tell that my white snake companion had crawled up my leg and onto my shoulder, and before long she'd slithered into her favorite place: right between my tits!

“Welp! Since we're together again, why don't we go hit up Phaethon's place! I bet Wise totally has some more of that super good pudding in the fridge!”

That limited edition one I'd had before? It was sooooo good! I was itching to have it again!